

## BILL NYE IS SICK

### With a Very Badly Broken-Up Anatomy.

### BUT HE WRITES HIS STORY

About His Acquaintance With a Washington Porter and His Fall From the Yarns Back Entrance.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY.

We have just formed an acquaintance with a colored porter, who was kind enough to tell me his personal history. It seems that he has been engaged in his present business and associated with Sir George Fuller for fifteen years. He has made probably as much money as other porters, but he has been more judicious and economical in his use of it. The result is that he owns a building site in Washington valued at \$5,000, and will build this season a home worth \$2,000. All this he has made by sweeping



THE PORTER.

the aisle of the car and then dusting off each passenger as they come per pop. He would be well fitted, and is thoroughly qualified, to act as a conductor, and, in fact, he educated a score of new conductors, but his color is again him. He told me that in the north he could act as a conductor if the company saw fit to appoint him, but in the south he would be unable to enforce his authority.

I have just been visiting the Capitol, and especially the senate, but did not remain long, owing to the fact that last summer during the heated term a large and prosperous cat crawled through one of the valves of the heating apparatus of the senate, and striding about through the corridors of hot air pipes, at that time life and coal, became bewildered and at last sank down helpless with a low cry. "Shall I perish here alone?" she exclaimed as she sat down on a cold register. "Will no one help me?" But she alone replied.

People who visited the senate chamber late in the summer thought they heard a wall of distress on several occasions, but were told that it was doubtless the convulsive death struggles of some bill that had not been killed so dead as was supposed.

On opening the senate chamber, however, this season a new odor seemed to have infiltrated itself in that locality. Some thought that it came from the dead letter office, but this was found to be a mistake, and only recently has it been thoroughly settled that it is the cat, who strolled into the works of the heating apparatus while they were cool. We should learn from this that while we may go on through life enjoying ourselves, gayly entering into the pleasures of the moment, sitting coolly and calmly upon the frigid register of the present, some day the great janitor of the world's heating apparatus will close our register and turn on the heat. We will cry out, but cry in vain. "Oh, once more give me a chance to choose a more congenial climate!"

Washington is the city of which we, as Americans, if we will lay aside all personal prejudices, are naturally most proud. If we will lose sight of our little local brouhaha for a moment, we will discover that no city in the United States can approach Washington when we consider it as a city of homes. Much has been said already by able writers and better penmen than I regarding the beautiful streets of Washington, but no one can so thoroughly enjoy them as the man whose head is still one grand aggregation of noises peculiar to Broadway, a congress of deadly vibrations and metropolitan racket.

Coming, as I did, in early life from the dirt roads and rural quiet of Mississippi, it is not surprising that the city of New York proved to be several sizes larger than I had been accustomed to, and the varied style of noises peculiar to the principal business streets interfered with my contemplative moods, and once or twice so confused me that I did not get home until a late hour at night.

Here I find nothing to interfere with thought, of which I am very fond, or improving conversation, of which I am also passionately fond. There one may hire a conveyance for two bob, as we say in England, which will take him about over the city, meantime giving him also an opportunity to speak in low polysyllabic tones to his companion without repeating a word. I have found that the time will come when enough people will have seen the beauties of Washington streets so that in their return to their respective homes they will see the seeds of discord and discontent and make things unpleasant in their neighborhood until they have similar streets.

When I am sitting as I write these lines I can see one of the historical portions of the city, one that has been recently so ably described by Mr. Croft. It is a little piece of ground which during the Revolution belonged to the famous David Drake. In 1780 it was defined as Lafayette park. It is a spot around which have clustered many of the most noted characters in the history of this republic, and more especially the various members of the various cabinets.

It is remarkable and interesting to note the advance of civilization and refinement among our officials during that time. Look, for instance, at the difference in the dress and behavior of our representatives abroad at present as compared with those in the times of Franklin. Think how mortifying it must have been to a young republic just getting on its feet, with a new government for printing its currency and a desperate foreign reputation!

abroad, not by a refined and well dressed man like Mr. Lowell or Mr. Lincoln, but temporarily, perhaps, by such a man as Franklin—a man with a deep and lasting contempt for the R. S. V. P. business; a man who would attend a german at the queen's place dressed in a little brief authority and a fawkesian vest, talking of the best time of the year in which to assassinate the hog and other matters for which her majesty did not then, and does not now, care a continental.

Imagine, then, if you please, a man like Franklin at the royal table sweetening his conscience, talking of the rotation of crops and putting Worcester-shire sauce on his terrapin. Now we can do this sort of thing with impunity, because we are a great nation. But at that time, when our currency was printed on a Clondra press and our standing army had not a new pair of boots for six months, the American minister attending a royal dinner party with his pantaloons tied down over the legs of his boots to keep the snow out and rabbit skin ear tabs sewed on his Mackinaw hat would naturally injure the social standing of our nation with foreign powers.

Here dwelt Sir Bulwer Lytton, who wrote his most celebrated poem, "Lancelot," on this ground. Colonel John Hay lives across Sixteenth street, so also does Henry Adams, a grandson of John Quincy Adams.

Imagine, if you please, the mighty contrast between the Washington of the present—full of elegance, refinement, difficult words, settled up with a nice class of people like Mr. Blaine—compare, I say, the Washington of today, where I sit, environed by everything that can environ one; compare, I say, such a city with the low, wet, snipe infested flats where once the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the low, somewhat vulgar Indian, on whom there is nothing but a shell necklace and a jag.

We live, indeed, in a rapidly growing age, an age of wonderful development. And this reminds me, though possibly the reader may not see exactly how, of a young man whom I met in the cars of the justly celebrated Richmond and Danville railroad yesterday. He said that the practical education of young people of both sexes was a subject which he thought ought to be looked into.

Last winter he boarded at the same house with a bright young school mistress whose intelligence was out of all proportion to her extreme youth, for she had read and claimed that she could explain, with the use of blocks, one of Mr. Browning's earlier poems.

Noticing that the young man of whom I have spoken was wearing at the time a pair of trousers around the heels of which a slight lambskin seemed to be forming, she suggested, as they became better acquainted, that as she had been taught very thoroughly in all branches of needlework she would be most happy to repair the trousers at any time when his business was such that he would not actually need them.

It is needless to say that with a beating heart he one night reached them through the sparsely opened door of his apartments and left them in her hands, to deal with as she might see fit. I hesitate to go on with this account, but now that I have begun it I must not turn back. When he received the pants he found that they had been most ingeniously mended where they needed it most, but while the trousers apparently had not suffered in any way, he found when he came to examine them that the repairs in the foyer had been made at the expense of the seating capacity.

That is why he says he thinks that the practical education of women, he fears, is not always in practical hands.



STEPPED OUT.

So many incorrect accounts of my recent mishap in Mississippi have been printed that I venture to offer a brief statement of the case at this time by means of a stenographer. I have already had the same difficulty in conveying the reading public that I needed sympathy. Some years ago I became involved in a personal difficulty with a cyclone in the northwestern part of the state of Wisconsin. I had never said anything derogatory to the cyclone, but in fact had rather spoken of it in a kindly spirit, and yet on that occasion I was caught up into the heavens and returned with thanks, not because I was lacking in merit, but merely because I seemed to be unwanted by the celestial columns.

Many of my newspaper friends spoke lightly and even flippantly of this painful incident, although one of my most attractive legs was broken. One bright young writer intimated that I had probably stepped on a pile of thunder. One said that I should have looked at my barometer more carefully; another said that probably the cork had been lost out of it, and so on.

In the midst of all this badinage I lay patiently on my back with a patent extension attached to my glass leg, and while the bones were about to unite one day my costly couch, made to resemble a barometer, fell to the floor, leaving my foot attached by means of a pulley and weight to the catclaw of the room.

The owner of the rink took down the stairs by which an exit had been generally made from the rear of the house. He had not spoken to me about it, neither had he closed the door so as to indicate that one should not go down that way.

So I feel like the author of "Beautiful Snow." I alighted on the ruins of the stair steps that had been taken down. I do not know what the owner took the stairs down for. Possibly he ran out of kindling wood at home. However, my arm was broken, and the old friendly feeling which was growing up between myself and the south is somewhat sprained and has a large poultice on it as I dictate these well rounded sentences.

*Bill Nye*

Economy.



"Aw, me deah fellah, what is the matter with your eye, that you should keep it shut?"

"Me deah says me eyes are falling very fast and that I must take great care of them, so I only use one of them at a time."—Life.

## HONOR TO MISS UHL.

(Continued From Page.)

Guy V. Thompson left for Yale college last week where he is pursuing a special course.

Mrs. F. M. Davis will leave for Europe this week where she will pursue her musical education.

## Bunter-Loucke.

Cards are out announcing the marriage on January 13 of Mr. Harry H. Hunter, a popular young business man of Lowell, to Miss Vernie L. Loucke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Loucke. The ceremony will occur at the home of the bride's parents, No. 98 Charles street, this city. Mr. Hunter lived in this city until recently, and was employed as collector for the telephone exchange.

Mrs. W. F. Buckley will leave on Tuesday for California.

Mr. Timothy Kelly of this city and Miss Mary Folen of East Paris, will be married at St. Andrew's cathedral, January 19.

Mrs. Schumacher of Sheldon street, is entertaining Mrs. Jandorf of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Roseman of Erie, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman have gone to Savannah for a month.

Miss Foster Shaw, assistant teacher in the kindergarten training school, has returned from Chicago.

Mrs. E. E. Dryden of No. 136 Jefferson avenue will give a rose lunch during the week.

## Artists Are Suffering.

The Art association resumed its meetings Tuesday evening, with only about half its members present. Sicknes had prevented many from making the illustration called for at this meeting, those failing to bring illustrations paying a fine instead. Different members posed fifteen minutes each to fill the time not used in discussing illustrations.

## Miss Belknap's Luncheon.

Miss Grace Belknap gave a luncheon Friday noon in honor of her friend, Mrs. C. A. Schafer of Marquette. There were fifteen guests present, and the lunch was served in five courses. With the roses and carnations that decorated the table and the bright faces that surrounded the board, every thing passed off very merrily.

## Entertained by Miss Waters.

Miss Waters gave a luncheon Friday noon in honor of Miss Halliday of Chicago. Covers were laid for eight, and six courses were served. The floral decorations were entirely of English violets, and everything was as dainty and sweet as can well be imagined.

## Annual to the Children.

Last Thursday evening the Misses Gage and Benedict gave their annual party to the children of the Friday and Saturday afternoon classes. The little ones looked their sweetest, and danced their prettiest, to the immense satisfaction of their mothers and fathers who looked on. The grand march was led by Mabel Phillips and her sprout. There were no fancy dances, but the young people acquitted themselves favorably in the popular dances of the day.

## Monday Sketch Club Meeting.

The Monday Sketch club has been removed from its quarters in the McMullen block to Mr. Henry G. Post's studio in the new Gilbert block, where the meetings will be resumed at 2 o'clock Mondays as usual.

## Informal to Miss Halliday.

Mrs. John Patton gave an informal dinner party Friday evening in honor of Miss Halliday of Chicago, who is visiting Miss Putnam.

## Reception by Two Ladies.

Cards are out for a large reception to be given this week by Mesdames Sherwood Hall and Cassius Sweet, at the residence of Mrs. Hall, No. 250 South Lafayette street.

## Young Men Dancers.

The Young Men's Dancing club held their usual party last Monday evening in Hartman's hall. An unusually pleasant evening was spent.

## Griffith-Wheeler.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Willard R. Griffith and Miss Emma Wheeler of Fayetteville, N. Y. The wedding will occur on Tuesday at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Griffith is a promising real estate dealer of this city.

Last Friday afternoon Miss Amy Cutler and Miss Hazel Smith entertained a company of about thirty of

their friends at the home of Miss Amy on South Lafayette street. Light refreshments were served. Music and dancing were the principal features of the afternoon.

Miss Travis' Hop. The hop given by Miss Calla Travis at Hibernian hall, on Friday evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of young people present.

Hop of the Silent Sixties. The "Silent Sixties" club will give their first hop of the season Wednesday evening, Jan. 20, at Simmons' hall.

SICKNESS IN SOCIETY. The Grip Lays its Hold Upon Many Persons.

Mrs. A. Judd Davidson left Friday night for Algona, Michigan, called there by the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. Julia Smith, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Terwin, No. 359 Fourth street, was called to Anna yesterday on account of illness.

Mr. Edward Taggart is confined to his house by sickness.

Mrs. Frank Bonnell is a sufferer from the grip.

James Curtis, the contractor, lies very ill with the grip at his residence on Straight street.

Mrs. Jas. Campbell is very ill with pneumonia, the outcome of the grip.

Mrs. Lorraine Immen, who has had a three weeks' siege with the grip, is out again.

Mr. Elias Daniels of No. 66 Scribner street, is very low with the grip.

The Rev. Dr. Jackson, pastor of the Fountain street Baptist church, is quite seriously ill with the grip, and it is possible he may not be able to occupy his pulpit today.

SOCIETY PERSONALS. Where and How the Local "400" Spend Their Time.

Walter G. Tuttle made a flying trip to Detroit Friday.

Miss Putnam is entertaining Miss Halliday of Chicago.

James Hamilton, manager of the Algona business company, is very ill with the grip.

Mrs. Joseph McKee will give a series of teas during the week to her lady friends.

Mr. Frank Selzer will go to New York early in the week to open a studio there. He has very flattering prospects in view.

Miss Franc A. Hill of No. 171 Island street, who has been visiting friends in Hastings for a few days, has returned home.

Congressman Belknap will leave for Washington today. Mrs. Belknap will join him in February. The Misses Belknap will remain in Grand Rapids during the winter.

Miss Edna Hanchett of Fifth avenue has returned to her studies at Olivet college.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Schafer of Marquette are being entertained by Congressmen Belknap's family.

Mrs. Joy and Mr. Harry Joy, who spent the holidays with Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald, returned to their home in Ann Arbor last week.

Miss Jessie Mizer has been entertaining her friend, Miss Vera Reynolds of Detroit, for a week. Miss Reynolds will return home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Belknap are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Schafer of Marquette, who came to attend the Bousfield-Belknap wedding.

Miss Katie J. Oatveer of No. 147 Lagrange street, has returned from a six weeks' visit in the east.

Mrs. P. Wilson of Lake avenue has gone to Rochester, N. Y.

J. K. V. Agnew of the C. & W. M. went to Saginaw yesterday on a business trip.

Edward Cobb of Chicago, who is here representing an eastern furniture firm, has gone to Kalamazoo to spend Sunday with his parents.

Miss Halliday of Chicago, who has been visiting Miss Helen Putnam, returned to her home yesterday.

A pleasant German was given last evening by Mrs. Parker at her residence on Jefferson avenue.

Mr. H. T. Chase returned yesterday from Boston and New York.

Miss Babcock of Mexico, N. Y., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Himes, has returned home.

E. Sidney Hull of Albion College, was in the city yesterday, the guest of G. W. Jones and family, No. 410 Jefferson avenue.

Will Tallman, for some time past a clerk for Elliott & Co., has gone to Battle Creek for a six weeks' visit.

Mrs. A. C. Antrim and Miss Antrim left yesterday for California where they will spend the winter.

The Most Pleasant Way Of preventing the grippe, cold, headache, and fever is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles.

Linen sale at Spring & Company's, January 11 to 16 inclusive.

Lily White Flour. Made by Valley City Milling Co., Grand Rapids, is a family favorite. Try it.

In Holland, Mich. C. J. Doebury publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

Adolf Lalloz, carriage manufacturer, No. 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: "I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

If you always insist upon having Alcock's Porous Plasters and never accept a substitute, you will not be disappointed.

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and  
Wednesday,

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